

If you would be my valentine,
I should not heed those shakies were gray—
What time the sun forgot to shine,
What time the shuddering frosts delay.

I should not heed the pinching cold,
Nor yet the wind's unkindly touch;
And fortune's frowns, though manifold,
Would wound nor vex me overmuch.

If you would be my valentine,
My love, while sense and soul endure,
You'd make to-day a thing divine,
And heaven on earth insure!

—Harper's Magazine for March.

A SLEIGH BELLE.

Harold Brown's sleigh dashed merrily up to Harold Brown's door, and at that moment (she was the soul of punctuality) out came Harold Brown's only sister—a little woman wrapped in shawls and veils and worsted things from head to foot.

"Come along, sis," he shouts; and then without waiting for her to "come along," he jumps from the sleigh, reaches the top of the stoop in three strides—he's a tall, broad shouldered, dark-skinned, blue-eyed young fellow—catches her up in his arms as though she were only a bundle, and in the twinkling of an eye she is snugly stowed away among the buffalo robes.

Crack goes the whip. "G'lang, Ned!" cries Harold. "Ned" tosses his head and paws the ground an instant to get the sleigh bells ringing properly, and off they go.

"Are you warm?" asks Harold of the bundle at his side.

"Almost smothered," answers the bundle, in an indistinct voice with a slight lip.

"That's right, my darling," says the brother, who adores his pretty young sister—the only one left him of four. "I should tear my hair in wild despair if you caught cold. Mind you don't for if you but sneeze once, be it the tiniest sneeze that ever was, home you go."

"Never fear, Har," rejoins the obedient small woman. "I promise, upon my word and honor, not to sneeze. I'll choke first. Ah! here we are," she continues, as they turn into Fifth avenue and take their place at the end of a line of sleighs, big and little, the largest of which stand uncoccupied before the handsome and brilliantly lighted house of Albert Lee, merchant and millionaire.

"Yes, and here are all the rest," says Harold, adding, with a slight inflection of scorn, "excepting the Lee people. Of course it's the Princess Alberto who is keeping us all waiting,"—forgetting, in the most manlike manner, that he had only that moment arrived himself. "She never was ready when she was a little girl, and I suppose she hasn't reformed in that particular, now she's a big one."

"Big!" repeats the voice from the mufflers, "why, she isn't a bit larger than I am."

"Well, she's a year older, anyhow, and ought to know better," replies Harold; "but I haven't the slightest doubt she's stopping to flirt with some one, or two, or half a dozen of her numerous admirers, utterly regardless of the fact that I—that is, you—to say nothing of forty or fifty others, more or less intimate friends are freezing outside. Dan Van Rensselaer is buttoning on her gloves, or Will West is fastening the straps of her overshoes, or some confounded nonsense or other. Cora, it's my opinion that girl flirts in her career, made faces at her old loves, and smiled on the new. 'Alberta!'—and she won't let any one soften it to 'Berta,' he went on, apparently warming with his subject—"what a ridiculous name for such a mite! for mite she is, and mite she will continue to be, for all her scornful looks and haughty ways."

"Oh, Harold!" exclaims the veiled voice, with as much indignation as is possible under the circumstances. "How unjust you are! She's not haughty—she's not scornful—she's lovely! She came to me herself yesterday afternoon—and I happen to know all the others had written invitations—and begged we would join her sleighing party. 'It's to be a real old-fashioned affair,' she said, 'and I want my old-fashioned friends to come.'"

"Extremely condescending," interpolates Harold.

"And as for her name, she had nothing to say about that, as you, if you have one grain of common sense, must be aware—no more than you did about yours. And she'd rather be called 'Berta,' a great deal; only her papa insists upon 'Alberta,' and consequently, like a good daughter, she insists upon 'Alberta' too. He wanted a boy when she was born, to be called 'Albert'—that's his own name, you know; and when a girl came instead, he said no girl should interfere with his plans, and he named her 'Alberta,' which is almost the same thing. And it's just as well he did, for he never had another child, girl or boy."

"Pity the boy hadn't come," grumbles Harold.

"For shame, brother!" exclaims the

The Deaf-Blind's Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

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crowded into the empty sleigh. "And thunder and Mars! that infernal Dan Van Rensselaer is at her side. G'lang, Ned!" savagely. And away they all start, laughing, singing and shouting as only young people sleigh-riding on a fine moonlight night can laugh and sing and shout.

An hour's ride, and then a stop of an hour or two at an old fashioned hotel for a dance (the sole music for which was furnished by a very old violin), and a supper.

At the supper an enormous turkey presided, flanked by crisp salads, broiled quail, and the various pieces of the country; but he, the turkey, didn't preside long, for he was soon reduced to much less than a skeleton; and then the sleighs were brought from the stable, and the heads of the horses turned homeward; and the good-natured landlady and the red-haired chambermaid, and Dan Van Rensselaer and his chums had all they could do in the way of searching for articles of wearing apparel, and helping on jackets, and holding shawls and cloaks, and tying veils for at least fifteen minutes.

"Hurry up," at length shouts some one from outside, "if you want to get to the city before the moon turns her back on us;" and down stairs they go pell-mell, helter-skelter, and jump and tumble, and are lifted into the sleighs again.

Harold Brown grasps his own particular charge from the group as they reach the roadside, and carefully seating her in his sleigh, heaps the heavy robes around her and springs in himself.

Hundreds of silvery bells jingle together in pleasant discord, and away they speed for home once more.

"How lovely she looked to-night!" begins Harold, after a five minutes' silence. "You needn't speak, toad. After that warm room and the dance and the supper, it is more necessary than ever that you should be careful. All I ask of you is to listen. As a listener you can't be surpassed, though as a talker, like most women, you are apt to get things a little confused. But don't go to sleep, for that is an insult I can't and won't stand. Did you ever see such hair—spun gold! And how charmingly she wears it! part in a wreath about her pretty head, and part floating free over her pretty shoulders. Blondes! There's only one blonde in the world, and that's Alberta Lee. Her skin is like the snow with the moonlight on it; and being beautiful because she is so fair, I suppose it wouldn't be fair in me to even dream of her turning Brown. Hi, Ned! Good Heavens! the intelligent brute heard that dreadful attempt at a joke, and tried to run away. So-o-o, old fellow! I won't do it again. And she never spoke to me, Cora. And yet when we were boy and girl together I've stolen many a kiss from that sweet, red mouth unreprieved, and she used to call me 'My Harold.' Let me see—that must have been eight years ago. And then, as she grew older, she grew more shy; but I was 'Harold' still, often 'Dear Harold,' until her father, who shows what an idiot he is, in spite of his years, by encouraging that greater idiot, Van Rensselaer, who made that lucky hit in Wall street, and the whole family went abroad to learn how to play the aristocrat to humble friends at home. It's true I didn't go near her to-night. There were too many around her. 'The rose that all are praising is not the rose for me.' And the dance I should have liked to have danced with her, the dance we danced together in the 'long ago,' she gave to Louis Vance, the very man I came near knocking down one evening at her house for taking her picture from her album and putting it in his breast pocket, with some silly, spooney remark about his heart. How her mother glared at me as I snatched it from his hand! and she said, with a cold drawl: 'Pray, Mr. Brown, what is it to you? Deuce take her lovely, exasperating, bewitching impudence! She well know what it was to me, the golden-haired, lily-white little hypocrite! I suppose she will marry that Van Rensselaer,'—and he muttered something which didn't sound like a blessing between his teeth—"or some of his set, not one of whom is worthy to hold her fan, 'the bonnie wee thing,' as our old Scotch nurse used to say," breaking off with what in a woman we would call a hysterical laugh. "I say, sis, are you asleep? You needn't say

a word, my butterfly; just shake your head."

The worsted things and veils that formed the butterfly's cocoon moved slowly and with difficulty from side to side.

"All right, dear. I feel as though I must talk of her to-night, and to whom can I talk but you, my darling!—my little sister, who has never withheld her love and sympathy from me, God bless her! But, Cora, if any poor fellow had loved you all his life long, and you had led him to believe for many years that you returned his affection, and then, growing richer, as he, through no fault of his own, grew poorer—if you turned away from him and smiled upon those who were only his superiors in wealth and position, I'd disown you. Mouse of my life, I would indeed!"

"But suppose the 'poor fellow' never told his love when we met after a long separation?" whispers the "mouse of his life."

"In words, you mean? Pshaw! there are a hundred ways in which a man tells his love, and a woman knows every one of them by heart."

"But suppose," in another faint whisper, "that when she returned from abroad, she found him a man so much less manly than the youth she had left that he could stoop to believe that because he had become poor, as the world goes, she could forget the happy, happy days they had spent together, and—care for each other! Suppose that he lent a ready ear to silly reports about her—one, for instance, that she was engaged to be married to 'that idiot Van Rensselaer!'"

"Cora!"

"No reply."

"Cora, I say!"

"Perfect silence."

"You tormenting little thing!"—shaking her gently with his strong right hand—"why don't you answer me? I won't give you a kiss for a week if you don't. There's something uncanny about you. Where's your lip? You had one a short time ago; you know you did, Cora!"

"My name is Alberta, please, sir;" and the veil that had hidden her face flew aside, and a long tress of golden hair floated out and brightened the night.

The reins fell from Harold's hands. Alberta caught them skillfully.

"'Tis well," she said, "that in those by-gone days you taught me how to drive."

For one moment her lover gazed at her in open-eyed wonder. Then he gasped: "Great heavens! what a fool!"

"Thank you, Mr. Brown," said the fair one, with a smile.

"Not you, Alberta, but me, myself—to be so near and yet so far. What a consummate!"

"Skip the hard words; there isn't the slightest need of them," interrupted Alberta, mischievously. "Cora thought she'd like a ride in the big sleigh, and I hadn't the heart to refuse the child. Hope I haven't intruded, Mr. Brown. And now, as we're turning into our street, you had better take the reins again."

"Alberta—Bertie—sweetheart, say something kind to me before we part," he pleads, grasping both the reins and the little hands that hold them.

"What shall I say, Mr. Brown?" He bends his head and looks earnestly in her face. "Say 'Harold' first."

"Harold," she repeats, with a saucy smile, and then wrestling her hands away, she sinks back and leans her head on his shoulder, which droops to meet it, and goes on in a softened voice: "I'm not engaged to Dan Van Rensselaer, whom you, with charming consistency, call an idiot for being in love with me; and my papa, who is the dearest and best papa in the whole world, in spite of your impertinent remarks about him, cares nothing for wealth and position, compared to my happiness; and I myself, 'lily-white little hypocrite' to the contrary, haven't the slightest objection to turning Brown, my Harold."

"God bless you, dearest!"

"Yes, yes, but don't kiss me just now. We're at our own door, and the light of the street lamp is falling full upon us, and there's dear old anxious papa peeping out, trying to catch a glimpse of his only son and heiress."

"Good night," "good night," resounded from every side as each particular sleigh started for that particular place to which its particular party belonged, with the exception of the sleigh in charge of the horse called Ned.

That remained in front of the dwelling of the "princess," while its happy owner, with Cora, his little sister, who had suddenly appeared at his side, on one arm, and Alberta, his pretty sweetheart, on the other, ascended the marble steps.

"Papa," called out Alberta, as they entered the hall, "Mr. Harold Brown has been behaving in a dreadful manner. He has called me all sorts of names, abused me most shamefully to my face, actually shook me, and worst of all, declared he wouldn't kiss me for a week. Send John to look after Ned—poor horse, he isn't to blame—and then I demand that you demand an explanation!"—*Harper's Weekly.*

Seward's First Effort at Composition.

Advance sheets of the autobiography of Wm. H. Seward to be published by Appleton & Co., contain the great statesman's account of his first essay at writing. He had entered the Florida (Orange county) Academy at its opening, though entirely unprepared for so forward a step by preparation. The pupils were pushed in declamation and "composition" writing at once. After detailing the effort and failure of one Jackson at speaking, Mr. Seward continues:

It was mine to lead off in the second great exercise—that of original composition. Not having the least idea of what was wanted, or how it was to be done, I moved to the side of Robert Armstrong, a young man eighteen years old, self-possessed and capable of instructing me, because he had already been a pupil at the famous Academy of Mendham, N. J. He told me nothing was easier. "You are," said he, "first to take a subject, and then all you have to do is to write about it."

"But," said I, "what is a subject?"

He replied, "It is anything you want to write about."

"But," said I, "I don't know anything that I want to write about. I wish I could see a composition."

"Well," said he, "if you won't tell, I will show you an old one of mine, that I wrote at Mendham."

Having bound myself to secrecy, he showed me a composition, which was after this sort:—"On drunkenness." (A heavy black line was drawn under this caption.) "Drunkenness is the worst of all vices."

Then followed an argument, which, I think, well sustained the proposition thus confidently announced. I do not know why, perhaps because I was constitutionally an optimist, I decided instantly that I would choose for my subject anything naughty, bad or wicked. So I said, "I will not choose a different subject, and will show the composition to you when it is written." He promised me his help. I wrote with great labor my essay, brought it and submitted it to him. It began:—"On Virtue. Virtue is the best of all vices!" My success in my department seemed as hopeless as Charles Jackson's in his.

TYPES OF CHARACTER.—There are three kinds of natures which take on themselves softness of manner and gentleness of touch—the natures with hands of steel, sharp, cruel, wounding, well covered by velvet gloves; those with hands of bran and pith, wax and putty, mere dummies without the power of grip or holding in them; and those with hands of honest human flesh and blood, soft, warm, responsive, yielding, but a serviceable framework of bone and muscle beneath, which when required can hold its own, and, if yielding on some occasions, can be defensive and repellent on others. These are the three most noteworthy types of the hand that lies hidden beneath the velvet glove of smooth appearance and delicate texture—the characters to be found under the veil of a soft manner and a noticeably gentle exterior.

Hope is a vigorous principle; it is furnished with light and fleet to advise and execute; it sets the head and heart to work and animates a man to do his utmost. And thus, by perpetually pushing and assurance, it puts a difficulty out of countenance, and makes a seeming impossibility give way.

A Stowaway.

One of the most curious stowaway cases that ever came to light has just been disclosed during some legal proceedings at Newcastle-on-Tyne. In December, 1875, the ship *Mileta* left Rio Janeiro for Blyth, England, and after the pilot left her a man appeared unexpectedly on the deck, who turned out to be a Blyth sea Captain named Nelson. He had shot a man in Rio who had boarded his vessel for plunder, and during an adjournment of the inquiry into the matter he had quietly stowed himself away in the *Mileta* just before she weighed anchor. Capt. Nelson was added to the ship's crew, and was obliged to do ordinary sailor's work for his food, receiving for thirty-six days no wages. After that, a sailor having left the ship at St. Thomas, he was regularly taken on and was discharged on the ship's reaching New York. After the vessel arrived in England, in making up her accounts, the owner brought suit against the Captain for \$100 for carrying and feeding Nelson "as a passenger." The court held that it was the Captain's duty to have made some arrangement with Nelson as a passenger, and that he really was such until he became regularly engaged at St. Thomas. The owner received a verdict for \$75. The strange feature of the case is that a man who works without wages should have to pay for his maintenance, while the moment he receives remuneration for his work he is also entitled to his board.

A Beautiful Sentiment.

Shortly before his departure for India, the lamented Heber preached a sermon, which contained this beautiful sentiment:—"Life bears us on like the stream of a mighty river. Our boat glides down the narrow channel—through the playful murmuring of the little brook, and the winding of its grassy borders. The trees shed their blossoms over our young heads, the flowers on the brink seem to offer themselves to our young hands; we are happy in hope, and grasp eagerly at the beauties around us—but the stream hurries on, and still our hands are empty. Our course in youth and manhood is along a wilder flood, amid objects more striking and magnificent. We are animated at the moving pictures of enjoyment and industry passing us, we are excited at some short-lived disappointment. The stream bears us on, and our joys and griefs are alike left behind us. We may be shipwrecked, we cannot be delayed; whether rough or smooth, the river hastens to its home, till the roar of the ocean is in our ears, and the tossing of the waves is beneath our feet, and the lessons from our eyes, and the floods are lifted around us, and we take our leave of earth and its inhabitants, until of our further voyage there is no witness save the Infinite and Eternal."

Lesson in Economy.

Rev. Dr. S. H. Tyng, Jr., recently told his congregation that if the ladies of his church would give up three-button gloves and wear one-button gloves instead, enough money would be saved to support an orphan house; whereupon some of the ladies suggest to their rector the possibility of saving out of the cigar money of the male members of the church, from the rector down, enough to carry on one or two asylums. They suggest also that three-button gloves do not make a dirty or unsavory odor, and that they have no deleterious effect on the nerves of the ladies who wear them; while on the other hand the brethren would be cleaner, sweeter and healthier, if they would quit the use of tobacco, and give to the cause of the orphans the money they now spend on this carnal gratification.

The present month is full of interesting events, in addition to St. Valentine's day and the opening of Lent. Saturday, the 3d, was the birthday of Horace Greeley. The 7th was the birthday of Dickens. Three of our presidents also are on the birth record of this month—Harrison the 9th, Lincoln the 12th, and Washington the 22d. The most popular (or at least the most frequently quoted) of American poets also was a February babe, and the 27th gives Longfellow the ripe age of three score and ten. Galileo was born the 15th and Copernicus the 14th of February.

He left her and stepped out to see a friend between acts.

"Why, Edward," said she, when he returned, "there are tears in your eyes."

"Yes, pet," replied he, solemnly, "I suppose there are—I saw such a sad sight when I was out."

"Did you—what was it?" inquired she.

"Such a sad sight"—continued he, keeping his face away that she might not smell his breath—"I discovered a young man whom I have known for years drinking whisky."

"You did?"

"Yes, standing right in plain sight before me, partaking deeply and carelessly of the dreadful intoxicating glass."

There was a little pause, when the young lady suddenly said:

"Edward, was he standing right in front of you?"

"Yes, pet," was the reply.

There was another pause, when the lady asked again:

"Edward, don't most of the fashionable saloon counters have great nice mirrors right on the walls behind them?"

Edward flushed a little and looked quizzical as he replied that he "believed" they did.

And here he permitted the subject to drop.

Selections from Adam Bede.

No man can be wise on an empty stomach.

Them as ha' never had a cushion don't miss it.

It is easy finding reasons why other folks should be patient.

We are lead on like little children, by a way that we know not.

One morsel as good as another when your mouth's out of taste.

Eh! well if the Methodists are fond o' trouble they're like to thrive.

If Old Harry wants any work done, you may be sure he'll find the means.

You must learn to deal with odds and even in life, as well as in figures.

It's a pity they canna ha' all, an' take it away from them as donna like it.

It makes no difference whether we live or die, we are in the presence of God.

I'm not denyin' that women are foolish; God Almighty made 'em to match the men.

There mus'n a undervally prayer. Prayer may na bring money, but it brings us what no money can buy—a power to keep from sin, and be content with God's will, whatever He may please to send.

Pigeon English is all the rage with Boston girls, and when an escort leaves one of them at her papa's front steps, he is startled to hear something like this:

"Hoop-la—Melican man he heap much nice—fetchee me home all light, topside up on slippery walk—my gum dlops—come you alle same, gin some time—you savey, eh, John?"

And she disappears within the storm doors, leaving the perplexed young man slowly muttering:

"Well—I'll-be—heap—much—blowed—alle—same—if I know what that charming creature is driving at."—*Worcester Press.*

A negro held a cow while a cross-eyed man was to knock her on the head with an axe. The darkey, observing the man's eyes, in some alarm inquired—

"Are you gwine to hit where you look?"

"Yes."

"Den," said Cuffee, "hold dis cow yourself."

To enjoy life, you should be a little miserable occasionally. Trouble, like cayenne, is not very agreeable in itself, but it gives great zest to other things.

Do not talk beyond your capacity. Unless you are a good swimmer, and know what you are about, do not venture into deep waters. Somebody, before you know it, may puncture the bladders that keep you from sinking. You are not bound to have an opinion on every topic that is started; at any rate, you are not bound to utter it.

The narrow gauge railroads are gaining favor throughout the whole country. Several are being built out of Cincinnati, and over ninety miles are already surveyed and will be built this year in Indiana.

There was a controversy after the death of Ah Fung in San Francisco because his wife was an Irish woman, and she desired that a wake should be held over his body. His Chinese friends insisted on Chinese ceremonies, and said that no woman could attend. She rallied her relatives, sat in triumph at the head of the coffin, and afterward had a wake without the remains.

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Notice.

Rev. A. W. Mann hopes to be able to hold a service in Chicago at the usual time and place on Sunday, March 4th. To all true friends a cordial invitation to be present is extended.

The Editor Makes a Trip to the Capital City.

Having business that called us to Albany, on the evening of the 26th ult., we left home by the 6:50 P. M. New York Express. Arriving at Rome at 9:15, we stopped over and passed the night very pleasantly at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Evan W. Evans and Miss Ellen W. Evans, all of whom seem to be a very happy household of deaf-mutes. Mr. Evans, who was wedded on Christmas evening last to Miss Mary Fanwood, an intelligent, happy-disposed girl who had been a member of our family for the past two years, is a man of moral worth and natural intellectual talents, and an honored citizen of the city of Rome. Miss Evans is an intelligent lady of cultivated tastes and would make some gentleman of true worth a loving wife, a good housekeeper and a faithful companion for life. We say this disinterestedly and on our own authority. We speak unadvisedly and at the risk of having our ears pulled by the aforesaid lady, but it has often puzzled us to account for the fact that many young men of seeming intelligence will pass with a cold shoulder ladies of sound sense and Christian worth and run after bold, gay, giddy and frivolous girls, discarding the modest, sensible and profitable lady to marry a girl of "style" whose only ambition is to ape the fashions, whose particular speciality is not to know how to do any useful work, and whose leading duty is to wear the broadest "pin-back" and display the longest opera chain.

Saturday morning, the 27th, we boarded the 8:55 Special New York Express bound for our Capital City, the scene of much wise legislation, besides being in past times the rendezvous of bribery and corruption. As Miss Evans had been contemplating a visit with some Albany friends and not wishing to make the trip unaccompanied by a friend, she accompanied us from Rome and return. At the Rome depot we met Dr. Gallaudet on his way from Cleveland where he attended Rev. A. W. Mann's ordination. At Utica Dr. G. stopped over a few hours to call upon his daughter Virginia who was visiting some friends. Arriving at Albany at about 3 P. M., we proceeded to the house of Mrs. Eliza Monroe where Miss Evans was to make a visit. We (that is to say the editor of the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL and our personal self) next called upon Mr. John T. Southwick and Mr. Dennis Mahoney, who are employed in the office of Weed, Parsons & Co. As Mr. Southwick had honored the editor with an invitation to make his home at his residence during his stay in Albany, we left for his house. In the evening we went to Troy to hear (through our eyes) Dr. Gallaudet's address before the Troy Deaf-mute Literary Club. A good representation of deaf-mutes from Albany, Troy and neighboring vicinity were at the Club rooms to welcome Dr. Gallaudet's presence on the occasion. The meeting being called to order by Mr. Southwick, President of the Club, the Dr., in his usual lucid and entertaining manner, gave an account of his late trip to the West, his visit to Cleveland, Ohio, and his attendance and assistance at the recent ordination of Rev. A. W. Mann to the order of Deacon.

He also referred to his visits to the Rochester and Rome Institutions for Deaf-mutes. The Dr. rehearsed to his attentive audience some of the heart-rending scenes connected with the railway massacre at the Ashtabula bridge disaster which is still fresh in the memory of the American people. Rev. A. H. Washburn, D. D., of Cleveland, Ohio, (whose portrait is given in *Harper's Weekly* of Feb. 3d) was one of the many victims and lost his life in the general slaughter.

The next day (Sunday) we were called upon in the forenoon by Mr. Mahoney, and Mr. Wm. T. Collins, of Troy. In the afternoon we attended church at St. Paul's where Dr. Gallaudet held a service for deaf-mutes, a fair number of them being present. A deaf-mute named Charles W. Lawton was baptized. At the conclusion of the services we walked down to the depot with some deaf-mutes from Troy that had attended the services. Here we again met the recent candidate for baptism standing near a hot air register shivering with cold. Messrs. Mahoney and Southwick observing that he had no overcoat suggested the taking of a contribution for funds to supply him with the much needed article. The requisite amount was soon raised and placed in the hands of Mr. C. A. Smith, of Troy, who was requested to see him clad with that indispensable garment the next day. That young man left school last summer and had begun in a humble way to earn a living for himself by working for \$4.00 a week, \$3.50 of which he had to pay for board leaving fifty cents a week for clothing and other necessities. It is hoped the friend will not become discouraged, but stick to his post faithfully till he can do better. It is presumed that the young man accepted our little donation with a grateful heart. But be it so or otherwise, we felt that we had done one of our duties towards God's poor. On Monday morning we arose refreshed and invigorated, and occupied the most of the time till Tuesday afternoon in transacting business, which called us to the Capitol. In company with Miss Evans who had completed her visit, we started for home by the 1:05 P. M. Special St. Louis and Chicago Express. We left Miss Evans at Rome, and at about 3:30 the same evening were chatting in our own domestic circle and partaking of a rather late supper.

Here we tender sincere thanks to Mr. Southwick for his kind hospitalities and to Mr. Mahoney for his kind services during our visit in Albany. Mr. Southwick may truly be called steady and industrious. He has for thirty years applied himself energetically to his trade, (bookbinding) and it may be presumed, as he is reasonably prudent and economical, that he has saved enough of his earnings to make himself comfortable in his declining years. We shall long remember, with pleasure the kindness tendered to us in Albany, and hope, at no very distant day, to have the pleasure of repaying those friends' kind attentions.

Obituary.

RICHARD E. BULL.

Richard E. Bull was born in Hamburg, Germany, November 5th, 1848. Coming to this country while yet a child, the family settled in New York, doing business in the metropolis, and residing on Staten Island. When quite young Richard entered the New York Institution and passed through the successive grades of classes, nothing of especial mention marking his career until he reached the first class. At that time he had developed into a fine specimen of physical manhood. Tall, strong, and energetic, he belonged to the herculean race of men. His services, therefore, in matters of internal institution government with direct bearing on the work of supervision, at that time delegated to the members of the High Class, and known as monitorial duty, were in great demand. In a sort of sub-position he did much valuable work. In the fall of that year, the High Class with full appreciation of his aid and his services, voluntarily obtained permission to include him in all their privileges of sociality, of office, of table, of dormitory and of everything except the class room; and in the following year, passing the required examination, he became of right, as he had been before by courtesy, one of their own members. During his membership of this class he enjoyed peculiar confidence and friendship, was a leader in the ball field, and captain or first mate of the boat club of the institution. Graduating in 1871, he accepted the appointment of Institution Supervisor, which position he held to the day of his death.

The position is a trying one, the care of three hundred boys, more or less, in all weathers is *prima facie* fatiguing and wearing, and by no means a place calculated to hasten recovery, when once the health becomes impaired. A year or so ago, his friends noticed signs of pulmonary disorder, which unhappily did not wear away. It increased to such an extent that a few months ago entire rest and change of climate became an absolute necessity to life itself. Accordingly he received leave of absence, and repaired to North Carolina, with headquarters at the institution at Raleigh. The tardy permission afforded but temporary relief, and on Sunday, February 4th, 1877, he breathed his last.

It is a great consolation to his friends to know that, although dying in a land of comparative strangers, his last moments were soothed with every care and attention. Especially noteworthy and of grateful remembrance were the attentions of Mr. Principal Nichols, Mrs. Taylor, Matron of the North Carolina Institution, Mr. T. R. Tillinghast, Instructor and Grand Councillor Order of Elect Surds, Mrs. Andrews, mother of a pupil once attending the New York Institution, and Dr. Royter, her family physician.

Mr. Bull was a supervisor who had a genius for his work. He was a faithful officer, in a trying position, with few opportunities for leisure and recreation. His whole time, if not his life itself, he gave to his work—and the New York Institution never had a more faithful and deserving servant. The Board of Directors, through its Executive Committee, ordered him to be buried where he died at an expense not exceeding fifty dollars, and, we understand, objected to efforts to bring the body north and have it interred in the institution lot in Trinity Cemetery, Carmanville. This action has provoked much adverse comment, and it is well deserved, inciting renewed belief in the sometimes mistaken assertion that "Corporations have no souls." Here was a faithful servant who had grown up in the institution and served it faithfully, leaving it only to die, and to die in a land of strangers, and when dead, suffered to stay where he lay and almost forgotten.

"By foreign hands his dying eyes were closed,
By foreign hands his lifeless limbs composed,
By foreign hands his humble grave adorned,
By strangers buried, and by strangers mourned."

Mr. Bull was buried in the family burying place of Mrs. Andrews, and northern friends will procure a proper tombstone.

Mr. Bull was a member of the Order of Elect Surds, and a companion in good standing. He was affiliated to Adelphi Lodge, which has taken actions of respect to his memory, passing resolutions and holding memorial services in the institution chapel. Kind friends among the institution people have clothed in mourning part of the dining room, where he was daily officially present. His death is the first that ever occurred in the Order, during an existence of twelve years.

Mr. Bull's parents returned to Germany several years ago, and the family is quite scattered, he being the only member in America. Possibly orders may be received to forward the remains over the sea, but at this writing nothing is known definitely.

More Light.

Mr. Joshua Foster, with a kindness which we fully appreciate, sends the following facts bearing on the intermarriage of deaf-mutes. Of the 1,700 pupils educated at the Pennsylvania Institution, 200 are known to have married. Though much below the actual number, the figures are large enough to base some very intelligent conclusions. Of these 200 marriages, nine cases resulted as follows:

No. 1, Parents congenital, 1 deaf child.
" 2, " " " 4 " children.
" 3, " " " 3 " "
" 4, " " " 2 " "
" 5, " " " 3 " "
" 6, " " " 2 " "
" 7, " " " 1 " child.
" 8, mother " 2 " children.
" 9, father " 1 " child.

The supplement to the above is valuable. In Nos. 2 and 3 the husbands were brothers, and No. 2 married a mute who had a deaf sister and brother. Here was a heavy predisposition on both sides, and the offspring, four in number, were all deaf; but right here in the face of this predisposition, let us recall the case of the Iowa Surber family, where the five children were all deaf, although but one of the parents was deaf. No. 3, brother of No. 2, married a born mute and three of the children were deaf.

Nine marriages out of two hundred producing deaf children is a small percentage, which would decrease as the number of known marriages increased. The lesson from the statistics is that the risk arguments in the case of two congenitals, while it falls to a level with speaking mankind in cases of uncongentials.

There are many institutions yet to be heard from. Who speaks next?

One Way.

We suppose everybody knows that we are trying to make the JOURNAL a paper which every deaf-mute who can read, will take and prize, once when he becomes acquainted with it. Readers tell us that the paper improves every year, and we know we try to make it do so. We saw a reader, himself a deaf-mute of great intellect, remark the other day when his paper had skipped a mail, that he would rather give a hundred dollars than have it fail—and he is one of those who mean what they say.

About six months since, a certain gentleman on our editorial staff received a letter from a distant and long-silent friend, inquiring after persons, news and things. Busy at the time, the gentleman replied by mailing a JOURNAL that was on his desk, with the remark that that would post him generally. So well pleased was the distant one with the paper, that he subscribed at once and has frequently sent for publication scraps of news, clippings, etc., and we doubt if he could be bribed to do without his weekly visitor.

A great many readers could do likewise. Some distant deaf-mute friends may never have heard of, much less seen a copy of the JOURNAL. Donate a cent to the cause and send out an old copy occasionally, and that friend will thank you and so will we.

Personal.

Robert Wiseman, a deaf-mute Swiss, who came to this country about two years since, paid us a visit of a couple of days last week. His parents reside at St. Joseph, Missouri; but his home is Rochester, N. Y., where he works at his trade—shoe-making—being an industrious and skillful workman. Mr. Wiseman is a worthy and intelligent gentleman and has a very fair understanding of the English language and converses readily by the sign-language. His employers esteem him quite highly. It is hoped that he will carve out a fortune in this our land of the free and the home of the brave.

Advent of a New Monthly.

We have received a copy of the first number of the *Educator*, a monthly paper of eight pages, published at the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb under the editorship of the principal of the institution. The *Educator* is a creditable sheet, and is working for a twofold object: 1st to furnish practical and interesting work for boys learning the type-setter's and printer's trade, and 2d to set before the pupils of the school reading matter in language they can understand. We welcome the new comer to our list of exchanges.

A Table.

For those who use the Book of Common Prayer.

Sunday, Feb. 25th.

The Psalter for the 25th day of the month.

Morning Prayer.

1st Lesson—Ezekiel xiv.
2d Lesson—Luke x, to verse 25th.

Evening Prayer.

1st Lesson—Ezekiel xviii.
2d Lesson—Ephesians v.

Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the second Sunday in Lent.

Sunday, Mar. 4th.

The Psalter for the 4th day of the month.

Morning Prayer.

1st Lesson—Ezekiel xx, to verse 27th.
2d Lesson—Mark ix, to verse 30th.

Evening Prayer.

1st Lesson—Ezekiel xx, verse 27th.
2d Lesson—Ephesians vi.

Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the third Sunday in Lent.

The Itinerizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column; mark items so sent: *The Itinerizer*.

MR. JAMES SIMPSON, for some time a member of the High Class at the New York Institution, is living near Howell, Michigan.

It is fun for the pedagogy of a deaf-mute institute, to see a man with a hand organ, carefully pick his way up to the window of his classroom, put on all steam and grind away.

This year has been a bad one for principals. Changes have occurred in Michigan, Mississippi, Texas, Kansas, Central New York and North Carolina.

MR. M. H. KERR, the deaf-mute artist of Jackson, Mich., wishes us to state that Laurent Clerc's portrait was not among those executed by him for the Chicago Society; and that none of them were done in oil but in crayon and India ink.

On Tuesday evening, February 13th, Rev. J. T. MAGRATH, Rector of St. Paul's Church, Jackson, Mich., baptized a young lady of Jackson, a graduate of the Michigan Institution. Rev. Mr. MANN read the formula in the sign language.

At the request of many of the citizens of Flint, Mich., Professor DANGO has published the report written by him shortly before his connection with the institution closed. The report was suppressed by the board of trustees, for reasons which they alone can explain.

Will some one post us in regard to the school for deaf-mutes recently started in Milwaukee by the Roman Catholics? We would be glad to have the number of pupils and teachers, also all interesting and important information.

MR. KERR, the artist, has lately finished in crayon and India ink very fine portraits of Governors HEDDICKS, of Indiana, and BAGLEY, of Michigan. They were ordered by friends of those gentlemen. Mr. KERR's reputation as an artist is becoming more widely known.

MR. C. S. NEWELL, JR., of New York, has lately taken quite an extended trip to Albany, Rochester, Buffalo, & Canada, for the benefit of his health which has been rather delicate since the sad loss of his loving father. His many friends will be pleased to learn that his health is greatly improved.

In the Chancery Court of Newport, Ky., recently, Mrs. MARY SMITHSON, a deaf-mute, was granted a divorce from her husband, WM. SMITHSON, also a deaf-mute. The divorce was granted on the ground of abandonment. The marriage of the parties has resulted in one child yet quite young, which has perfect possession of its organs of speech and hearing.

MR. A. B. GREENER in his history of deaf-mute publications has this to say of the JOURNAL: "The editorial corps of the paper is composed of gentlemen, who are well-known, and as an evidence of their ability, the paper has become one of the best spirited, conducted deaf-mute publications now in existence, and bids fair, at no distant day, to be the leading deaf-mute newspaper in America."

We are modest enough to say we supposed the "distant day" had arrived some time ago.

MR. ADAM S. GARDNER, for many years connected with the New York Institution, graduating from the High Class; but more recently student in the National Deaf-Mute College, is at present with his parents on his fine farm at Waterman, Illinois. He reports himself as in his usual fine spirits, and his eastern friends will be glad to know it is so. He was for several years a resident of this State.

LORD MIDDLETON, who is an English Magistrate, was recently called upon to hear the case of a deaf-mute who was brought up as a common mendicant. The Judge, fortunately, was skilled in the deaf and dumb alphabet. The evidence was communicated to the prisoner with great promptitude by Lord MIDDLETON. In reply the prisoner said he had broken no law, and he relied upon the legal knowledge of the Bench to do him justice by discharging him. Lord MIDDLETON told the prisoner that he feared he was a professional mendicant. The prisoner, with great alacrity, replied on his fingers, "In that you are mistaken. I am an object of sympathy, and kind hearts take compassion on me." Lord MIDDLETON, with equal digital dexterity, replied: "Your former leniency to you was misplaced. You will go to prison for a month." The prisoner with great animation, replied, "You are an accomplished Magistrate, but you have no compassion for an afflicted fellow-creature."

From Over the Sea.

The following interesting extracts are from a private letter from Mr. W. J. NIELSON to one of the Associate Editors: "We have visited the institution in London called the Old Kent Road Asylum. Mr. Warwick, the Secretary, a very pleasant, gentlemanly man, and whose office is here in London, went with us. We were received very kindly and courteously by Mr. Watson, the Principal, whose father and grandfather before him were much interested in the deaf and dumb. The building is an old one, having been built in 1792. They have been building a branch school at Margate, not far from London. The gentleman who laid the corner stone of this new building was present at the laying of the one in 1792. His name is Drew and he is 92 years of age.

"They have 180 pupils. Articulation is taught, but not with much success. Over here they use both hands as you know. I can't see why they don't adopt our method, as one hand can be used with greater facility. Mr. Watson was very much pleased with my little sister, and says she is one out of a hundred. I am in hopes of visiting Margate soon, as Mr. E. M. Gallaudet gave me letters there and to other places. Mr. Watson said he received, some years ago, a very pleasant visit from Mrs. H. P. and I. L. Peet, and later from Mr. E. M. Gallaudet and Miss Rogers. St. Saviour's Church for deaf-mutes, which I have attended, is a very pleasant place, but does not compare with our St. Ann's in New York. The Rector, Mr. Smith, is a pleasant, genial man, and is doing much good among the deaf-mutes here.

The Elmira Deaf-mute Literary Club.

The regular meeting of the Deaf-mute Southern Tier Literary Club was held at their rooms in the Opera House on the 2d day of January last for the election of officers and the transaction of other business. Some of the officers were re-elected. The following persons were elected for the ensuing year:

Geo. M. Lucas, President.
Alvah Brown, Vice President.
F. Hamilton King, Secretary.
John Dougherty, Treasurer.

On motion of Mr. King the name of the club was changed to the "Elmira Deaf-mute Literary Club."

Beating a Dead-Beat.

For some days past an unknown female has been in the habit of making an afternoon trip on the Woodward avenue cars, generally getting aboard at Jefferson avenue and riding to Brady street. The first two or three times she paid her fare promptly enough, but the next trip she wrote something on a card, handed it to a gentleman, and he paid her fare. The next trip she waited till the driver rang the fare-bell, and when she saw him looking through the door she advanced and held up a card on which was written:

"I am deaf and dumb."

The driver didn't want to create a scene, and she rode as a dead-beat. Next day she went through the same performance, but when she boarded the car the third afternoon he was ready for her. He had every reason to believe her a fraud, as she had been heard to speak in a car coming down. When she entered the car she took a seat and began reading, seeming to have no earthly interest in the fare question. There are no conductors on the route, and the driver controls both doors. Before Brady street was reached the unknown female was the only passenger. She rose and rang the bell at the street, but the driver paid not the least heed. She rang again, and he hurried up the horse. Then she tried to pull the bell off the car, but the man never turned his head. The woman rushed to the door and pushed and tugged till she was red in the face, but not an iota would it budge. Rushing to the front door, she pounded the glass in a furious manner, and by and by the driver "accidentally" looked around. She gestured wildly, and as he shook his head in a stupid way, she held up her card, which said: "I am deaf and dumb." The driver fumbled around for two or three minutes and brought out a small placard on which was written:

"So am I!"

They were then about half a mile above Brady street, making excellent time, and the woman's indignation was so great that she shook her fist at the driver and screamed out: "I'll have you shot for this!" He held up his card, shook his head, and paid no further attention to her blood-curdling threats. At the turntable, a mile and a half above Brady street, the door slid back and the woman jumped into the mud. She blessed that man from crown to sole, and she blessed all his relatives back to the revolution, but he did not seem to hear her. As he started off she called out:

"You are a monster, villain, sneak and thief!"

He gave the lines a shake, got the card from his pocket, and she was not too far away to read the answer:

"So am I!"—Ed.

Interesting to Deaf-Mutes.

Last evening Mr. George A. Newhall, of Melrose, the "Little Giant," as he is known among the deaf and dumb, delivered a very good lecture on "The Adventures of a Lost Child," before a large deaf-mute audience at John A. Andrew's Hall. His address enchainned the attention of his audience for over an hour, and at the close of his silent speech they applauded him by clapping their hands. Mr. George B. Keniston, of Everett, is to lecture at the hall next Wednesday evening. Professor Job Turner, of Malden, is to officiate next Sunday forenoon. The deaf-mute residents of this city and vicinity are earnestly requested to attend. Those who may desire to see how the service is conducted in the hall are cordially invited.—*Boston Herald*, Feb. 8, 1877.

Minnesota Institution for Deaf and Dumb and the Blind.

As already mentioned in these columns, a delegation from the State institutions located in this city, visited the State capitol on Thursday of last week and gave the members of the legislature some idea of the work which is being done here. The *Pioneer Press* of Friday speaks of the visit as follows:

"As a large proportion of the members of the legislature had never witnessed the peculiar exercises of this unfortunate class, and possessed little knowledge of the progress that is being made with the pupils of the valuable State institutions that are located at Faribault, a departure was made from the usual custom this year and a delegation from the schools visited the legislature. Of course the committee whose duty it is to report in regard to the institutions, will make its annual visit, but it was the desire of the board of directors, as well as the superintendent, that the entire legislature should witness some practical results, hence the very pleasant exhibition that was given in the representatives' hall yesterday afternoon.

"The justly popular and devoted superintendent, Prof. J. L. Noyes, was accompanied by Mr. R. A. Mott, who has been a director since the institution was instituted. Mrs. David H. Carroll, one of the teachers, and nine of the pupils of the deaf and dumb school, and Mr. James J. Dow, the principal, Miss Cora Shipman, and five pupils from the school for the blind.

"The hall was densely packed during the exercises, the body of the house being devoted to senators, representatives, and State officers, while the lobbies and galleries were filled with other spectators. A piano had been placed in front of the clerk's desk, and after Prof. Noyes had briefly stated the object of the visit, he invited the orchestra of blind pupils, who have been trained by Miss Shipman, to open the entertainment with an overture. The piece selected was the 'Jolly Brothers' Gallop,' and it was rendered with great precision and much delicacy, by two violins, a piccolo, and a violinello, in the hands of four blind boys, Miss Shipman accompanying them on the piano.

"The *Pioneer Press* gives a detailed account of the exercises, which are already familiar to the majority of our readers, and closes its report as follows:

"The regular exercises having concluded, Mr. Mott briefly reviewed the advance the schools have made during the past fourteen years, and stated that there are at least a hundred more unfortunate in the State who are entitled to the benefits of the institution, concluding by expressing the hope that after all the more needy institutions had been taken care of, and after the frontier sufferers had been relieved, that something would be done for the institution at Faribault.

"After another quartette by the orchestra and a song, which Miss Shipman rendered with exquisite grace, at the request of one or more of the representatives, Little Miss Bergwald rendered the Lord's Prayer in the sign language, and the audience departed full of sympathy for the sightless orbs and dumb lips of those who had so pleasantly entertained them."

IN FARIBAULT.

On Wednesday last the State institution for the deaf and dumb and the blind was visited by the legislative committees appointed to look after and report upon the necessities of that worthy institution. Among the committee present were Senators Conkey, West, McDonald, Arolab and Duell, and Representatives Grover, Hall and McKinstry.

The committee reached Faribault about 8 o'clock on the morning train and proceeded immediately to the Barron House, where they were properly fed. After these exercises they were taken in sleighs and shown some of the attractions of the city, and finally set down on the grounds of the State institution. They visited the various industrial apartments, such as the cooper shop, boot and shoe shop, tailor shop, printing office, girl's sewing room, etc., where they found pupils of all ages actively engaged at the various trades and turning out first-class work.

The committee then visited the school buildings and inspected their entire internal arrangements, from attic to basement, not forgetting the water works—several of the legislators actually taking a drink in as bold a manner as if it was an every day occurrence. The committee found everything satisfactory except the crowded condition of the dormitory. This apartment is literally crowded with beds, and it was also noticed that several of the rooms formerly used by teachers had three cots in each for the accommodation of pupils.

About 11 o'clock the committee found themselves in the chapel, and were treated to a few exercises, enough to show what was being done in the way of educating the deaf and dumb.

About 1 o'clock the committee sat down to a dinner, prepared for them, that would have done credit to the best hotel in the State, and the most interesting part of it was that, with few exceptions, the meats, vegetables, &c., were the products of the land of the institution. After the dinner was fully discussed and a cigar had been indulged in, at the expense of the president of the board of directors, the committee started for the blind department, and the inspection and entertainment was repeated, to the delight and satisfaction of all.

The committee expressed themselves as highly pleased and entirely satisfied that the institution is all that it claims to be, and also that the necessity for the completion of the main building is plain. One thing is certain, this building must be completed or pupils must be turned away, and this the State cannot afford to allow.—*Faribault Democrat*, Jan. 20, 1877.

GOSSIP FROM NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, Feb. 20, 1877.

(From our Special Correspondent.)
Murray Hill has been on the qui vivo since the arrival of Alexis and his suite, and it is astonishing how the tide of travel now turns off of Fifth avenue and passes over to Fourth avenue, and so down by the Clarendon Hotel—that is fashionable travel. What snobs we are. From a diamond prince or a bonanza king up to a royal scion from Russia, Japan or the Sandwich Islands, we are ready to fall down and worship, or, if not, act as if an accident of birth had produced a different kind of clay from that of which the American is made.

Alexis and Constantine, "the Royal Dukes and Imperial Highnesses," as I heard one enraptured feminine call them, arrived very quietly, but the proprietor of the Clarendon engaged boxes at the opera-bouffe for them, and sent to Delmonico's to borrow a couple of Russian flags. This gave the manager time to announce in the evening papers the fact of the expected hour, and when the news reached Delmonico's it spread like wildfire. Opera-bouffe and Aimie in "La Perichole" is not exactly a Lenten service, but a Grand Duke is not seen every day. An announcement that they would attend the Greek Chapel, in Second avenue, Sunday, produced the liveliest interest in the Greek form of worship in the minds of young ladies, who hitherto have only thought of the last new figure in the German. I really think these imperial gentlemen might start an opposition to Moody and Sankey and the Widow Van Cott, and without half the effort.

Mrs. Irene House has grown gradually worse in body and mind. For some time past she has been confined in the State Asylum at Trenton, and now lying very ill, not being expected to recover. It seems a sad commentary on the fearful tragedy in which she was a participant. Her father has been appointed her guardian, as her property is considerable, valued at over \$30,000, but in the event of her death, trouble is apprehended from other claimants.

The robbery of King's banking house is one of the latest criminal acts that is before the public. The detectives are at fault as usual, and a sneak thief is supposed to have risen above the usual overcoat business and to have made off with securities worth \$160,000. Carelessness at the least, is the natural verdict of the public.

Demas Barnes, who started the Brooklyn Daily Argus about three years ago, sold it out Saturday to the Brooklyn Union, without any notification of the fact to the newspaper corps. He invited these gentlemen to Dieter's and invited the managing editor, Mr. Maverick, to take the chair. Mr. Maverick entered some remonstrance at the cavalier manner in which they had been treated, when Mr. Barnes called for wine to wash down these difficulties. Editors and reporters looked on in silence while Mr. Dieter's head waiter "Alec" filled up the long-stemmed glasses with carbonized cider, and as Mr. Barnes raised the foaming apple-juice to his lips,

They picked up their hats and crayons
And quietly cut and run,

leaving Mr. Barnes to the contemplation of several glasses filled with a rapidly fading liquid, and a contemplation of his conduct, for "Demas was an honorable man," though he had better not attempt the newspaper business again immediately, is the verdict of his recent corps.

Lent does not seem to diminish the crowds at the theatres. Mr. Grover's play, "Our Boarding House," has proven so decided a hit, that Mr. Raymond's appearance at the Park Theatre is postponed, and this in face of the fact that the principal character is entirely beyond Miss Harrison's comprehension. She is rather pretty, and if she could rise to the dramatic requirements of her part, nothing more would be wanted to complete the otherwise excellent disposal of the characters. As it is, the sentimental portions all rather flat.

Fanny Davenport, this buxom woman of heroic form and varied experience,

CORRESPONDENCE.

A Substitute for Eggs.

HENS AT A DISCOUNT—SELL YOUR POULTRY—CUT DOWN YOUR EXPENSES.

OFFICE OF L. A. GRIFFIN & SON,
86 South Clinton Street,
SYRACUSE, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1877.
To the Editor of the Deaf-Mute Journal:
DEAR SIR—I wish to show my friends through your columns, the business in which I am engaged—the manufacture of an article of merit that is fast coming into general use where once introduced as a substitute for eggs in all kinds of pastry cooking. When once used, it is considered indispensable, especially when eggs are high and scarce. It supercedes the use of baking powder in all cases, and does not cost any more. We are also manufacturing Griffin's Unrivalled Baking Powder, and Pearl Mills Saleratus. There is no better made. My friend, John Manahan, is with me, which our deaf-mute friends will be pleased to learn. Hoping we will meet all the requirements that we claim, we remain,
Yours respectfully,
FRED GRIFFIN,
Of the firm of L. A. Griffin & Son,
and JOHN MANAHAN.

Boston and Vicinity Notes.

(From an Occasional Correspondent.)

MR. EDITOR.—New Year has come and gone. We had two levees for the deaf-mutes of Boston.

The levee and banquet of the New England Deaf-mute Mission was held in their rooms at 488 Washington St., and a full audience assembled there to celebrate the beginning of the new year. The evening passed off pleasantly, and they enjoyed themselves in various games and conversation. Before 11 o'clock arrived, they went over to Copeland's restaurant, where an excellent and bountiful supper was partaken of. Then a greater part of the guests went back to the hall to spend the rest of the night. Their enjoyments were several times interrupted by some drunken and disorderly guests, who shamefully created some rows and disturbances in the hall. Those who were in charge of the hall, ought to have hired a policeman to keep order.

I should judge there were about one hundred and twenty-five deaf-mutes and their friends present. The levee was a successful affair, but it seemed that the banquet was a failure financially.

Another levee, which was under the management of Livingston, Welch & Co., took place at John A. Andrew's Hall, on the corner of Chauncey and Essex Sts., and proved to be a failure, as there were only thirty deaf-mutes present. Early in the evening the manager saw that success was against them, and immediately sent word to the caterer that the promised supper was withdrawn, which fortunately saved them from a loss of many dollars. They closed the doors at midnight and some of their guests went over to the Levee of the Deaf-mute Mission to spend the night.

On the evening of the 3d inst., the deaf-mutes of Boston and vicinity held a mass meeting in a room over John A. Andrew's Hall, and the result was that the Deaf-mute Society was organized in opposition to the New England Deaf-mute Mission. They hired the above rooms and are holding a course of lectures on Sundays, and also a course of lectures and social gatherings on Wednesday evenings. It appears that the new society is in good and strong condition, and is entirely under the management of four speaking trustees, who were the very trustees of the late B. D. M. L. A. The trustees appointed Mr. Geo. A. Holmes to look after the wants of their society.

Last Sunday they held the opening service, and it was well attended, considering the bad weather, as there was a rainstorm and very bad bluish. Prof. Job Turner, of Malden, and Atwood, of Newburyport, preached the sermons, and the prayer meeting was well attended.

The board of officers of the Mission at first consented to withdraw the regular services on Sundays so as to let the new society hold its regular service on Sundays, but for several reasons, they changed their minds and decided to continue the service on Sundays as long as their fund allows. We are again having two deaf-mute societies in Boston, and they are on bitter terms with each other. We cannot foresee what may become of them in the future.

A greater part of the deaf-mutes of Boston and vicinity were amused very much in reading "Dead Shot's" letters, published in your issues of the 2d and 23d of November last, and agree that there was very much truth in them. These who are connected with the Deaf-mute Mission, of course, denounced the writer, and are still trying to find out who he is.

On the 24th of December last, John Magee, a well-known mute, was married to Miss Ellen Duffy, an intelligent young lady and they are happily spending their honeymoon. We wish them many happy years to come. They belong to Boston and are natives of the Hub, I believe.

Last fall Mr. Michael Keating, of Cambridge, went to Connecticut, to take Miss Prudence E. Talcott, of Conn., to Hartford, where they were married by Rev. Mr. W. W. Turner. They are at present living in Cambridge, Mass.

We understand that the deaf-mutes of Worcester, Mass., are to hold a grand levee and festival in Worcester, on the 22d of Feb. next. A good many of the Boston deaf-mutes express their intentions to be present, and it is quite safe to predict that the levee will be a very successful one.

Prof. Job Turner, of Malden, is doing good for the cause of your JOURNAL, for he meets with good success in soliciting subscriptions for it.

Boston, Jan. 10, 1877.

New York and Vicinity Notes.

(From our own Correspondent.)

NEW YORK, Jan. 24th, 1877.
DEAR EDITOR:—After several months' absence, I find myself back again in this great bee-hive of a city. Here all is activity, noise and confusion. What a contrast to the beautiful open country, where solitude—sweet, cheering solitude—reigns supreme. What a variety of sounds is heard as the weary pedestrian hurries along the crowded thoroughfares. What a mixture of language is spoken—English, French, German, Spanish, Italian, and many others. And yet all this is as nothing to the deaf-mute whose ears are sealed to words, and who is perhaps unable to articulate a single syllable. Such is one of the many phases of city life.

The weather here has been very changeable of late. At times the side walks are so slippery that people have to walk in the middle of the road. We had a regular, old-fashioned snow storm on Monday, the 22d inst., and the merry jingle, jingle of the sleigh bells is heard in all parts of the metropolis.

I am happy to be able to say that I have just procured two subscribers for your excellent paper. Every intelligent deaf-mute ought to provide himself or herself with a copy of it. As one of your English correspondents said, it is really and truly the best of all the deaf-mute papers.

Mr. and Mrs. P. Fanning, of this city, are the happy parents of a fine boy about five months old. They have named him George Washington, in honor of the illustrious father of his country, and in memory of the Centennial year just closed. Mr. F. is by trade a carriage trimmer, and is foreman of the concern. Mrs. Fanning (formerly Miss Carrie A. Wallaef) is a native of Basle, Switzerland. As she was very young when she was brought to this country, we do not suppose she retains a very clear recollection of the beauty and grandeur of Alpine scenery. Mr. and Mrs. F. are both graduates of the New York Deaf and Dumb Institution.

Mr. and Mrs. J. I. Kipp's friends will be pleased to hear that they are the proud parents of a little boy born on Christmas morning. Mr. Kipp has been in good employment for several years past, and he is a steady and industrious man.

Fersenheim Surprised.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Accepting the invitation of the committee with the same frankness with which it was given, your correspondent found himself the visitor of a splendidly furnished parlor, and was introduced to a brilliant and exclusive circle of "King Wilhelm's Children," (Germans) not a few of whom had experienced kindness and hospitality in America, during their years of "exile," and thus had pleasant memories connected even with that painful period.

The elegant parlors of Mr. and Mrs. Gustave Fersenheim, No. 64 Marcy avenue, Brooklyn, were filled last evening with a party attired in every imaginable style of dress, the occasion being the anniversary of the birthday of Mr. Fersenheim. There was a great deal of puzzling as to who was who, but the solution of the questions of identity was arrived at when the committees introduced one to another, and much merriment was then occasioned by the unexpected appearance of former faces in strange and outlandish beards, burnside whiskers, goatees, flaxen moustaches, and horseshoe moustaches, with a few King Wilhelm side-whiskers; but the fair damsels did not create much puzzling, for their smooth and pretty faces were not much changed. When the *non de plume* of your correspondent was given instead of his real name, it created considerable curiosity among those present because of the popularity of that signature, which has appeared in the columns of the JOURNAL ever since he sent you a dispatch about the signing of the bill by ex-Gov. Tilden in relation to the Central N. Y. Institution, on the 5th of February, '76.

There was no time lost in mutual admiration, for after Mr. Fersenheim had been congratulated on the auspicious event of a birthday party, Mr. L. Loewenstein, one of the committee, presented the host with an elegant silver pitcher, upon which was the following inscription:—"Gustave Fersenheim, January 26, 1877." It was accepted by Mr. Fersenheim in a few pertinent remarks in which he expressed his surprise as well as his gratitude for the honor extended.

Mr. Leopold Loewenstein looked after the interests of the guests and performed his duties in such a graceful manner that he was voted "a duck of a man" by the ladies, and a "good fellow" by the gentlemen. Dancing and social intercourse was kept up till a late hour, and all enjoyed themselves immensely. Shortly before 12 o'clock a splendid supper was served, which the generous hostess prepared, after which the dancing festivities were broken up, but sweet conversation was resumed and good humor and happiness reigned supreme until long after midnight. At the table Mr. G. W. Schutt offered grace and Mr. J. H. Juhring made an appropriate address, and as it is generally the case Lytton Bulwer being urged upon to deliver an address took up the old subject and said a few words on the Press. It is true that Lytton Bulwer mentions the JOURNAL whenever he makes a speech and describes its usefulness, etc.

In the midst of this assemblage, no one appeared to regret advantage than Misses Emma Terry and L. C. Gray, who possess charming manners, and their loveliness was as rare and peculiar as their "anticipated fortunes."

Every attention that gratitude and friendship could suggest was lavished upon Mrs. Gustave Fersenheim by Mrs. H. Juhring and Mrs. C. Nebel, the committee for the fair sex's side, and by whom she was introduced to many of

the guests in such a manner as to ensure their respect and consideration.

Mr. Lyng wore an extensive bouquet in his button-hole, the preparation of which caused him considerable labor, and detained his arrival until eleven o'clock. Mr. Thomas I. Godfrey, who after bashfully receiving the attentions of a number of young ladies during the first part of the evening, was on announcement, turned into a member of the "Old Bachelor Line," much to the disgust of his first admirers. The guests left at an early hour—in the morning. Among those who noticed were Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Schutt; Mr. and Mrs. S. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. E. McConville, Mr. and Mrs. W. Nebel, Mr. D. Ballin and son, Messrs. J. Clarke, A. Weinberger, Louis Loewenstein, F. Steiner, H. Elliot, F. T. Brown, Misses E. Terry, R. Kelly, L. C. Gray, M. C. Hagadorn of Rochester, Mrs. J. Schwartz, Mrs. Mary Totten and many others.

We must not forget to say that Master A. Ballin presented Mr. and Mrs. Fersenheim with a splendid flower, and Mr. and Mrs. Schutt gave them a handsome pocket-book. The committee consisting of Messrs. Leo. Loewenstein and H. Juhring, assisted by Mrs. H. Juhring and Mrs. C. Nebel, had charge of the affair, and did all they could to please the guests, and to them is due great credit, as their labors were arduous.

AGRIFFA.

Brooklyn, Jan. 27, 1877.

An Aged Deaf-mute Gone to His Heavenly Home.

WESTBORO, MASS., Jan. 28, 1877.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Please insert in your valuable journal the following: Died in Westboro, Mass., January 17, 1877, of pneumonia, Ithiel Parkhurst, aged 72 years and 8 months.

The deceased was born in Milford, Mass., in 1804. He graduated from the American Institution in the Spring of 1829, having been a pupil four years. His occupation was that of a carpenter, and he was acknowledged to be a smart workman. In a few years he married Miss Mary Works, a hearing lady, and after a short residence in his native town, he moved his family to Hopkinton, Mass., where he resided about twenty years. In 1870 his wife died. In the spring of 1873, he came to Westboro to live with us, where he remained for the last four years of his life.

In 1844, by a fall about twenty feet from the staging of a house, he received a spinal injury which crippled him for life. Yet he so far recovered by medical treatment as to be able to walk with the aid of canes though not for any long distance. In this condition 32 years of his life were passed. His last illness was very short and attended with great suffering. He leaves two sons to mourn his death. He was one of the oldest members of the M. E. Church in Hopkinton, and was a constant attendant upon the services whenever the weather permitted. He had a lively interest in matters pertaining to the advancement of Christ's Kingdom. He passed away quietly, though unconsciously, and we feel assured that he has awoken in the likeness of Christ.

Yours truly,
JOS. O. SANGER.

New England Items.

Miss Sarah Whipple, one of your subscribers in Marblehead, is a semimute. She has never been to a deaf and dumb institution, yet she has a very good education. She always takes much interest in deaf-mutes, and is a member of the Episcopal Church. Her father was a sea captain, and has been to nearly every part of the world. He is now too old to follow the sea-faring life. He, too, is hard of hearing. I have often seen a crowd collect around him at the wharf, to hear him tell stories of the sea, spin long yarns or relate the adventures he has had with the storm kings of the ocean.

Prof. Job Turner is making himself quite popular among deaf-mutes. Almost every society in New England arranges him to hold Sunday services. Wherever he goes he receives a warm reception and generally has a full attendance. May success crown his work of sowing good seed, and a rich harvest finally be reaped. He once remarked he thought Providence must have sent him here to work for deaf-mutes.

Mr. Wm. Lynde, of Boston, lately called a meeting of all deaf-mute Christians in that city and vicinity at his house to have a pleasant talk and see what had better be done, since there had been a society formed lately, called the New England Deaf-Mute Mission. After some discussion it was decided to adopt the programme laid down by the trustees of the defunct Library Association, and they appointed a committee to engage a hall at once, and prepare it for use. Many of them, if not all, believe it their duty to abide by the trustees who have already a handsome sum of money on hand to carry their plans to success.

SWETT.

An English Deaf-mute Fireman.

A few days since I met a deaf-mute named Ira Smith in Boston, who told me that he was educated at Kirkwell, Scotland, and that he is a fireman on board the steamship Liverpool, plying between that city and Liverpool. He says that he has made thirty-five voyages across the ocean. He has promised to bring me some magazines and other papers about the deaf and dumb, out of which I will send you some condensed extracts for the JOURNAL when I get them.

Very sincerely,
JOB TURNER.

Providence, Feb. 17, 1877.

A Few Words of Advice to Deaf-Mutes.

NO. 5.

An honest, well-to-do farmer once brought his son to a school, telling the teacher that he desired his son to be taught the three R's—reading, 'riting, and 'rithmetic. It is a well-known fact that the late Commodore Vanderbilt was not an educated man; in fact, the extent of his acquired knowledge was embodied in three words—reading, writing, and arithmetic. It is not to be presumed, however, that he knew all about these that it was possible to know, but he knew enough about them to acquire untold millions of dollars.

I do not wish to be understood as saying that a knowledge of the sciences and of the classics is not useful, for I certainly mean nothing of the kind. But with the great mass of men and women they are as unnecessary as they are worthless.

For deaf-mutes (mind I am speaking of the great majority) need nothing to keep them through life, but a tolerably fair knowledge of these three solid acquisitions. How few of the graduates of the institutions for deaf-mutes can claim even this much for themselves. I do not care to dispute the fact that they can all of them read, write, and cipher, more or less, but what I mean is they have not advanced far enough to enable them to do business understandingly. This is not a question for dispute, for nearly every deaf-mute who graduates must admit this to be true. We cannot lie to our own conscience, any more than we can make anything true by hiding the truth. It only remains, therefore, to point out the remedy, and this is simple. Now, when a mute graduates from school, the first thing he should say to himself, and always bear in mind the following: "My education is only but just commenced; I must go on and finish it."

Get arithmetic and slate and make up your mind to go through it. Begin at the beginning and work steadily on. Don't ask any one to help you climb over a difficult problem. Remember that the period of self-help has come, and don't get discouraged even though a single problem should keep you back six months. So much for arithmetic.

Now for writing. First acquire the habit of noticing the incidents of the day, and at evening time sit down and endeavor to express them in the best language of which you are capable. I doubt not you can easily get some one to look over your exercises and give you all the assistance which you need; but you must remember and not make the same mistakes again. A teacher is paid to correct the same mistakes you made at school, but it is different after you graduate, you know.

As to reading. This is less difficult and more tempting, yet strange as this is true, there are many deaf-mutes who never read at all—that is they never acquire the habit of reading. To acquire a good habit of reading, don't begin with some novel, but take up history. Read a chapter every day, and don't skip a single word. Make up your mind that you do not quite understand it, and then resolve that you will understand it, and don't read further than you can understand. Pursue this course three years, and at the end of that time, if you find that this advice has not been of value to you, then may God give me grace to be dumb ever afterwards.

WAT TYLER.

National Deaf-Mute College Notes.

(From our own Correspondent.)

NATIONAL DEAF-MUTE COLLEGE, WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 11, 1877.
EDITOR DEAF-MUTES JOURNAL:—The influence of the balmy weather is being perceptibly felt by the students, who no longer keep themselves indoors, but as if to make up for their enforced inactivity during the winter, give their animal spirits full play. They sometimes go to extremes, and put their lives in jeopardy by climbing the derricks or cranes on the grounds, and doing many other tricks that are vain in ways that are dark.

A few days ago, some of the students set fire to a pile of twigs and branches that had been lopped off the trees on the grounds. After having danced in a ring around the burning heap, one of them seized a charred piece of wood and blacked the face of another with it. His example was instantly followed by the others, and in a few minutes there was not a white face visible. When they got tired of this kind of game, they went to one of the derricks, and were playing with it, when our President came up and warned us of the danger of toying with the huge, wooden giant. It was just in the twilight, and Pres. Gallaudet could see us but indistinctly, yet he saw that our faces had undergone a wonderful change, and he asked us anxiously whether we were the students of the College or some other men. It must not be supposed, however, that the students care more for playing out in the grounds than for taking a walk in the city, and making calls on their friends.

There is a time for studying, a time for playing, a time for visiting, and a time for everything else, and on certain days (usually Saturdays and Sundays), we put on a thin coating of dignity, with our "Sunday-go-to-meetings" and strut down Pennsylvania Ave., with the best of them. On Sunday afternoons the streets are generally crowded with fashionable people, going to and returning from church. On a pleasant, sunny day, it is quite a pleasure to look at a stream of fashionably-dressed people coming out of church, but our feelings of admiration would be very much increased, if we knew the facts that we admired were really as pretty by nature as they looked to be; but it is a sad fact that the ladies of Washington resort to many artificial means to put the rosé hue of health on their cheeks, to make

their complexion fair and their eyes as divinely bewitching as possible.

Tutor Draper delivered an able lecture on the History of Mathematics, (his favorite study,) last Friday evening.

Some of the students had a lively time chasing a rabbit a few days ago. It gave them a long chase around the grounds, and Branner of '82 had the honor of catching it. He, then, like a true-hearted Southerner, presented it to Prof. Porter, one of our best teachers. Branner is the tallest student in this College, and, besides, is the best first-base-man we have ever had.

STUDENT.

A Deaf-mute Surprise Party.

On the evening of the 13th inst., a party of deaf-mutes called, with presents, at the residence of Mr. William Lynde, in Boston. It was a great surprise to him. He and his deaf-mute wife gave them a good supper, at which Prof. Job Turner asked grace, and at the close of which congratulatory speeches were made by Prof. Turner, Messrs. Holmes and Goldsmith. After supper they passed an enjoyable evening in social games until a very late hour. Mr. Lynde is a worthy deaf-mute gentleman, and a skillful workman, having been twenty-seven years in the employment of Messrs. Chickering & Sons, piano-makers. He has a son and four daughters, all of whom can speak. He often officiates for deaf-mutes in different places on Sunday. The smiles of Providence ever attend him and his family.

Very sincerely,
JOB TURNER.

Malden, Feb. 15, 1877.

The Central New York Institution.

When a man moves in mid-winter, and has, in addition, various other little things on his hands, he is excusable if items of news slip through without leaving an impression. This is my platform, and I propose to stand on it as well as I can in this icy season.

The young ladies got up a little pantomime several days ago. It was played to an audience capable of appreciating any variety of acting, and they enjoyed it. I think I remember what happened well enough to patch up the programme. Miss Susie Evans—An old woman. This character was burlesque, of course. (Susie isn't old.)

Miss Clara Mather—A lady of color. (She was black; but it isn't natural to her duty.)

Miss Lizzie Murphy—A school-marm. (She fills quite another position when on duty.)

Miss Mary Semple—A nurse. (The baby—a monster of the rag variety—was brought into school in the scene. Nothing professional implied.)

Miss Ella Randall—Dog fancier's daughter. (A basket containing a little dog being on her arm as she trotted into the school-room.)

Miss Grace Smith—The Belle. As the scenes shifted we had kitchens and lovers rejected and accepted—minstrelsy by ladies of color—ghosts—squaws—at *cetera*—the whole winding up with some wound up figures (kindly provided by Principal Nelson, who takes a lively interest in these little pleasures), that danced till the curtain fell.

The annual meeting of members of the institution was held February 6th. Dr. Gallaudet was present and staid with us till the next day.

We think we can find room for one or two of the many that want to come, and our attendance, at present 86, may be nearly 90 before long.

Our local paper, last week, gave a good description of the plans of our new building. Stone for foundation work is almost daily hauled up to our grounds, and the coming spring, we hope, will see lively work up that way.

Your "Occasional" complained of the features of the land hereabouts, and the consequent dearth of costing. Why don't he utilize the Tower of Babel? There is now enough around to make a declivity as steep as desired and as broad. In short a splendid artificial hill can be built, running a good length, and available for coasters till it melts. Then use it for a croquet ground.

We had a short but pleasant call from Miss Virginia Gallaudet the other day. Mr. Ritter, of Troy, has been visiting the Roman deaf-mutes and the institution this week.

C. S. M.

Rome, N. Y., Feb. 12th, 1877.

Letter from a Frankford, Pa., Deaf-Mute.

EDITOR DEAF-MUTES JOURNAL:—Enclosed please find money order for \$1.50—one year's subscription for your excellent paper. We held a high opinion of your paper. We think it equalled by none other. We would not be without it for double its price. Last year it gave us more than our money's worth.

Mr. Thomas Cunningham, a deaf-mute of Philadelphia, carved out with his own hands a miniature palace with its park surroundings, and made it a Christmas present to his loving daughter Bertha. It is a piece of excellent workmanship and reflects much credit to its maker, although Mr. Cunningham is neither a carpenter nor a wood-carver by trade. He works in rolling mills in Philadelphia. A skillful workman at the carpenter and joiner's trade who visited Mr. Cunningham last Christmas, after inspecting it, pronounced it a masterpiece of ingenuity and said it was a very fine imitation of the London Crystal Palace.

Yours truly,
WASHINGTON HOUSTON.

Frankford, Pa., Feb. 13, 1877.

—It is said to be an easy thing to tip over with a cutter now-a-days. Guess the lady and gentleman who tipped over on Railroad street, the other day, did not think it so very easy, although no special damage was done. More scared than hurt.

Letter from New Hampshire.

DOVER, N. H., Feb. 3, 1877.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Will you please find space for this article in your paper. It may be of some interest to your readers, especially to the friends of Winifred S. Purdy, of Great Falls, N. H. Some time over a year ago, Mr. Purdy was confined to the County Farms for the Poor and Insane—he lost his reason some years ago. He was a graduate of the Hartford (Conn.) Asylum; he was a fine fellow, and had many friends, both hearing and deaf-mutes. Some say he lost his reason by study. Having some business in Dover, and hearing of his case I concluded I would call and see him. The distance from Dover is four miles; I walked through the soft snow for the purpose of finding out the particulars of his case. The keeper informed me that the doctors have given up all hope of his recovery. I succeeded in making myself understood a little; he remembers his teachers and some of his friends. I was surprised when the keeper told me that there was another deaf-mute confined in the same place, also from Great Falls, N. H. His name is Mike Cassey or Catter, I have forgotten which. He lost his reason from being deceived in love, I am informed. I could not find out the particulars of his case or where he was educated. He can make alphabets, but cannot talk otherwise. He can write well.

I was invited to dinner, and was offered conveyance back to Dover free of charge by the Superintendent, and accepted it on account of the soft snow. It is seldom I get such good country dinners, (the products of the farm.) Traveling in the country is very difficult at present. The snow is deep and soft on the roads. We have had a few warm days here and the snow is now melting fast.

Business around here is quite brisk now; the shoe factories and other kinds of business are resuming on full time. I am succeeding well in my business at present. I have been up to Rochester and Farmington, N. H.; find all business generally good, but nothing of interest had transpired.

S. H.

Washington Correspondence.

(From our own Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 17th, 1877.
Yesterday I went to see and hear the spouting of the great electoral whale, now on exhibition at the capitol. The Supreme Court Room, which is the sporting ground of said whale, was packed full—the reporters' gallery was crowded, and the spouting was, indeed, something more than ordinary. The most remarkable man in the electoral counsel is Stoughton, of New York, who looks precisely like the pictures of the old English Parliament Lords, and his manner is so fierce and savage (perhaps *emphatic* would be a more polished way of expressing it,) that, listening to him, one is glad not to be within his reach. His face is unwrinkled and smooth-shaven, and his thick, curly hair, white as wool, falling low on his forehead and neck, has all the appearance of the lordly wig of "ye olden time."

Wm. H. Everts as good a contrast to Stoughton as one could easily find. Thin and withered and dark, with lantern jaws and sunken eyes, he would sooner be taken for a material Brother Jonathan than for the embodiment of legal lore and sagacious wisdom that he is. As he speaks, however, the listener loses all thought of his personal appearance and catches every sentence eagerly, knowing it is sure to tell—his every word is to the point.

Matt Carpenter is a handsome man of forty-five or fifty. A little portly—a little florid of countenance—but still handsome and an effective speaker. His hair and moustache are quite gray—he wears no other beard—but his eyes sparkle, and he has lost none of the vigor that characterized him years ago. Judge Trumbull is, I think, younger than he looks. Bald and gray and stooping, with rather a croaky voice, one would take him to be sixty or seventy at least, but his manner is younger.

The gay season in Washington is about over. Monday and Tuesday of this week were crowded full of entertainments, as being the only remaining opportunities before Lent. Three or four receptions and soirees were given each evening, all of which were attended by many of the same parties. The most brilliant were the entertainments given by Secretary and Mrs. Fish, the Japanese Minister Yeshida, and Fernando Wood; and among the most notable toilets were those of Mrs. Yoshida, which was a rich, white flowered Japanese silk, garnished with white lace and flowers, and Madame Mantilla's robe of cardinal red velvet relieved by cream-colored matelasse and the same shade of silk. A band of cardinal velvet surrounded her shapely throat, and a collar of gold filigree work studded with pearls and small brilliants. She wore diamonds in her hair, and as a pendant, a very large pearl that has been an heirloom in the ladies' family for two or three hundred years.

M. M. W.

ORISKANY, N. Y., Oct. 9, 1876.

I have used Hatch's Universal Cough Syrup in my family, and am convinced that it is an honest, first-class medicine of its kind. I prefer it to any other that I have used, as it does not dry up a cough, but loosens it. I have sold it for three years. My customers like it without exception.

L. G. WILLIAMS.

No one can give so reliable information in regard to the value and sale of a medicine as the dealer. Ask your druggist what he knows about this remedy. Gratuities samples can almost always be obtained. For sale by dealers generally.

50-4w.

BOSTON CORRESPONDENCE.

From our own Correspondent.

Boston, Feb. 17, 1877.

EDITOR INDEPENDENT:—The fact has been recognized by all that the Moody and Sankey revival is a great success, so far as members, enthusiasm, and the preaching of real gospel truth, is on trial. The interest centered in and about the Tabernacle, is spreading to other churches and organizations, and a general feeling of enquiry and examination is manifest everywhere. Let the good work go on, for there is great need of a moral and religious awakening at the Hub.

ECONOMY IN BUSINESS, &c.

Necessity dictates and all must obey, whether in business, living, dress, or luxury. The American theory that while one is saving a penny a six-pence might be made, may be true when demand exceeds production, but when competition reduces prices, then it is the penny saved that tells. In all the old countries, this lesson has been acquired, and nothing is wasted. In this country, where raw material has been abundant, this saving, or rather utilizing of odds and ends, has been neglected. We are, happily, changing these improvident habits, and we must be able to produce whatever we manufacture at the lowest possible cost, or we shall fail to compete successfully with those who study their business with an eye to the petty economies that in the aggregate produce a great result. We have been passing through three years of dull business. Wages have fallen, capital has received but small interest, and prices of merchandise have about touched bottom. The same condition of affairs has existed in nearly every country on the face of the globe, and therefore, local causes cannot be relied upon to explain the dullness which has pervaded the business interests of the world. These three years, however, have not been wasted years, for they have brought with them lessons of economy which in future will be found of inestimable value.

Oliver Logan says in one of his lectures that a quiet and regular life in a comfortable home at a salary of \$20 a week, is a better thing than a fevered existence of mental anxiety and physical disturbance at the rate of \$1000 a week.

A Successful Condonrum.

"John has never given you a ring?" said Katie's sister to her one day. John was Katie's lover.

"Never," said Katie, with a regretful shake of the head.

"And he never will until you ask him for it," pursued the sister.

"Then I fear I shall never get one," was the reply.

"Of course you never will. John is too stupid to think of such things; and as you can never pluck up courage to ask for one, it follows that you will never get one."

This set Katie to thinking, and to what purpose we shall see.

That evening her lover called to see her. He was very proud and very happy; for the beautiful girl by his side had been for several weeks pledged to marry him as soon as the business could be properly done; and John was a grand fellow, too, notwithstanding his long obliviousness to certain polite matters.

"John," said Katie, at length, looking up with an innocent smile, "do you know what a condonrum is?"

"Why, it's a kind of puzzle—a riddle," answered John.

"Do you think you could ask me one I couldn't guess?"

"I don't know. I never thought of such things. Could you ask me one?"

"I could try."

"Well, try, Katie."

"Then answer this: Why is the letter D like a ring?"

John puzzled his brain over the problem for a long time, but was finally forced to give it up.

"I don't know Katie. Why is it?"

"Because," replied the maiden, with a very soft blush creeping up to her temples, "we cannot be wed without it."

In less than a week from that date Katie had her engagement ring.

Josh Billings' Philosophy.

I make it a rule when a man dux me a favor never to forget it, and when he dux me an injury to forget it as soon as I can.

I never hav had enny mother-in-law so far, but still I luv them on general principles. I luv them for their dante's sake.

There iz more men who hav lived too long for their reputashun than there iz who hav died too soon.

There are 2 kinds of monkeys, mi friend, monkeys from choice and monkeys from necessity—don't confound them.

No yang nan who wgers his hair parted in the middle will ever be elected President of the United States ov Amerika.

I attribit the grate amount of domestic felicity that prevails in our family to the fact that the lion and the lam laze down together, and I am allwist the lam.

Avarice iz the wust kind ov poverty, it iz as hard to satisfy as the grave iz.

I think I had rather meet a highway-mn than a professional faultfinder.

There ain't no sich thing ez chance, if one thing happens bi chance all things may.

I luv little childrer, they lave the password and key to mi heart, and ken creep deeper into it than ennything I kno ov on earth.

A weak man needs more watching than a wicked one dux.

There iz no better evidence of a good heart and a strong head, than to give it up, when fairly beat.

For a Cold.—A hot lemonade is one of the best remedies for a cold. It acts promptly and efficiently, and has no unpleasant after effects. One lemon should be properly squeezed, cut in slices, put with sugar, and covered with half a pint of boiling water. Drink just before going to bed, and do not expose yourself the following day. This remedy, it is said, will ward off an attack of chills and fever if used promptly.

Two persons were once disputing so loudly on the subject of religion, that they awoke a big dog which had been sleeping on the hearth before them, and he forthwith barked most furiously. An old divine present, who had been quietly sipping his tea while the disputants were talking, gave the dog a kick and exclaimed: "Hold your tongue, you silly brute; you know no more about it than they do."

This is how Offenbach dedicates his book to his wife, Hermine Offenbach: "You have desired that I should make a book from these letters written at odd times. This is the first sorrow you have caused me. Still, I bear you so little ill-will therefore that I dedicate you this volume, not for what it is or may be worth, but because I love to write everywhere my esteem and affection for you."

Helicon Band Concert.

Those of our citizens who attended the concert given by the Helicon Band, in the Methodist church Tuesday evening, enjoyed a fine musical treat, and those who staid away, (of which latter class there were too many,) lost a first-class entertainment, and an opportunity to aid a very worthy object. The programme was a most excellent one, and rendered admirably. To particularize is perhaps not in good taste, but while all was well done some selections were particularly good, meeting with hearty encores. First among them was a cornet solo by Theodore Webb. He responded to the compliment by an admirable rendering of the "Last Rose of Summer." A piano duet, by Mrs. Parker, and Miss Nellie Foote, was nearly faultless in its execution, and elicited hearty applause. The duet, "What are the Wild Waves Saying," Huntington and Webb, was a beautiful one. In response to a prolonged encore they gave Yankee Doodle, in which Huntington introduced a pleasing change. "The Three Chafers" by the Glee Club was well done, and received prolonged applause, to which they responded with, "Long Live My Boys." "Light Hearted Are We," also came in for an encore, the echo being particularly good, and was responded to by a double quintetto, who sang "The Welcome Spring is Here." The concert closed with a medley called "Ye Olden Times," which began with Old Hundred, after which we found "Our Boat is on the Sea," and calmly drifting "Way Down upon the Swance Ribber" to where "Yankee Doodle" watched "John Brown's Body Lie Moulding in the Grave," and sighed as we thought of "Auld Lang Syne," and queried "Should auld Acquaintance be forgot?"

We congratulate each and every member of the band on the success of their undertaking, and wish that the excellence of the entertainment given by them might rouse our people to take a deeper interest in its welfare—an interest which will reach down to the pocket book.

The band being attired in their new uniforms made a fine appearance. They were manufactured by H. C. Peck & Son, and show superior workmanship.

The band will give another concert this (Wednesday) evening, at Empire Hall.

The Greenfield Murder Trial.

The second trial of Nathan Orlando Greenfield, indicted for the murder of his wife in town of Orwell, was commenced at a special term of Oyer and Terminer convened in this city to-day. Hon. M. H. Merwin, presiding judge, and Messrs. Edmund Potter and Isaac R. Parkhurst, associates. For the people appeared John J. Lamore, District Attorney, and S. A. Webb; for the defense, Hon. S. G. Huntington, Mr. W. G. Robinson and Hon. J. B. Higgins.

The morning session was mainly occupied in calling the list of jurors, of whom a special panel of 300 were summoned, hearing excuses, excusing exemptions, etc.—*Oswego Palladium, Tuesday.*

Mr. Swarts Involved Rhetoric.

Washington writer makes mention of its beanties thus: He seems to have thoroughly digested and absorbed every dictionary of every tongue under heaven, and by some automatic and unconscious process the words recite themselves like silver from molten metal, and when once he opens his lips in a forensic effort, they pour out like shining coins from the mint, always beautiful, admirable, apt, so felicitous in their combinations into phrases, that, in looking at the verbal carriage, one forgets to think of the idea that it was intended to convey, flowing now like a river which makes music as it goes, and then soaring bird-like on dainty wing, accidentally designed to produce some impression or reach some conclusion, but always confusing more than it clears up and clearing up only to confuse the more, and, finally, overpowering by sheer continuity and volubility rather than producing conviction, and the half-dazed and half-exhausted listener, unable to connect subject with predicate across a chasm into which the consummation of the words has thrown twenty metaphors and a dozen parentheses, yields because he can not hold out longer and is afraid he shall have to give up the ghost, and this, too, without having made a word and provided for a funeral, which, under the circumstances, may be considered inconvenient to his family in the present uncertain condition of the company in which his life is insured.

The experiment tried in Liverpool of opening cheap coffee houses for the sale of cocoa, coffee, tea and bread, to counteract the influence of the grog shops, is proving very successful. Eighteen have already been established, and, though most of the sales are for only a half-penny, they not only meet expenses, but will pay a good dividend on the outlay. They are considered a most effective weapon against intemperance.

A great many persons wonder why they have so little to show for their time and labor, and how it is that other people manage to get so much done. The secret, if there is any secret, lies in the fact that those who accomplish a great deal, work according to a well-defined and uniform plan.

A Wheeling, Va., man has a pair of gloves made from human skin tanned. This is a handy memento of the departed.

The Lecture

Given by Calvin Townsend last week gave general satisfaction. Those who attended felt better for their hour's solid laughter. Some of our citizens recognized in him the person who lectured in the old town hall some twenty years ago on the same subject. He lost his sight about three years since; but his white hair is about the only sign age has "hung out."

To appreciate the lecture it should be heard rather than read, we give the substance of it as best we can.

The subject, "The signs we hang out," may be reduced to "Signs hung out," and that out short to simply "Signs." There is nothing but that has signs, and we know of nothing except by its signs. It is by signs that we are enabled to tell one town from another; a stone house from one of brick or wood; a pine tree from the oak or elm. Nature always shows herself in signs and the botanist and geologist study these signs to interpret them; all science is but the study of signs.

We do not always read the hieroglyphics. Nature holds out to us aright; yet we live, depending upon the right reading of them. We take medicine from the physician when our life depends upon his interpretation of the signs. The signs are always right, and his skill depends upon the right interpretation of them. Our only means of recognizing friends is by signs. "We could not tell father from mother, or sister from brother were it not for the signs. We would like to take in the signs many times that nature compels us to hang out; and many attempt it by coloring the hair, smoothing out the wrinkles in the face, or covering them up with paint. How much would the intemperate give to take in the signs they are compelled to hang out, instead of adding to those they already have—all of which are so easily read. We live by signs, and even read the time of day from signs on the clock or in the sky. Though nature has so many signs, there is order in the apparent confusion; so much so that the size of the foot can be known from the size of the hand; from the size of the glove the size of the boot or shoe, and from the size of the hand the size of the chest. If the hand is broad and fingers short, the body is thick set, the arms short, the neck short, the feet short and the toes short. Suppose a hand to be thrust through the wall so the owner is not seen, we are able at once to pronounce it the right or left according to its signs. If it be a hard, brown hand we say it is used to labor; if broad, thick set, the person has a broad chest, and short neck; the person can turn his mind to any kind of labor, is not apt to have a hobby; will not make a good teacher.

We see a little girl who has a slim hand, long fingers, she has a narrow chest, long, slim neck, and the head is narrow from ear to ear, she is a nervous person, with delicate health; she is fond of books and will devour all she can get hold of; she is pushed at home and at school; her friends are constantly driving nails in her coffin; they should put her at work and take her from her books. Now look at her great, fat brother, with great fat hands and the fat hanging from his cheeks to his shoulders; he don't want books; he don't want to go to school; he wants something to eat, and wants to go to bed. He is the one who wants driving. Many are the persons who enter life with 100 years placed to their account in the ledger of life, but how soon do they dispose of it. Their tallow candle burns low, but they are bound to have a good time while it does last. Thus the hand and chest furnish signs of longevity. Some persons are built with constitutions calculated to stand more than others.

Some people admire soft hands. If a person has soft, squishy hands, the arms will be soft and squishy; the neck and head will also be soft and squishy.

When we meet strangers we immediately study the signs they hang out, and the first impressions, we say, are generally correct.

—We are told that the boys of East Palermo caught nearly a thousand bull-heads and suckers, on Jennings' Pond last week. They cut holes in the ice near the shore, and scooped the fish up with their hands.

—The Mexico Independent remarks: "Mexico has some good lady drivers. We notice a few who handle the reins splendidly." We should say so from the looks of the Mexican men. They are splendidly handled at home.—*Osw. Palladium.*

—A series of meetings are now in progress in the Baptist church, in this village. The subject for this (Thursday) evening's discourse is "Backsliding." The pastor of the church extends a cordial invitation to all Christians to be present and co-operate in the good work.

—Last Sunday night, about eleven o'clock, the barn of Mr. L. Nicholson, of Richland, was destroyed by fire. We understand all the stock was saved, but that considerable hay was destroyed. The fire is supposed to have caught from a lantern used in putting out the horses, after Mr. Nicholson's return from church.

—Our band feel quite proud of their new uniforms, and well they may. Yesterday they tried to have their pictures taken, but, probably, on account of the brilliancy of their countenances and the dazzling rays of old Sol, it "couldn't be did." They had to go to a darker place.

—A. L. Munger, while on the road between Colosse and Parish Saturday night, in company with one or two other men, had the pole of his sleigh broken by a collision with a cutter. Afterwards to prevent the sleigh from running upon the heels of his horses, he says he put his leg out, and in so doing had his limb broken in the same place that it was fractured three years ago. We understand that his condition is improving. Dr. Johnson attends him.

Union Temperance Meeting.

Last Sabbath evening the Presbyterian, Baptist and Methodist societies united in a temperance meeting in the M. E. church. Rev. S. P. Gray read appropriate Scripture lessons; Rev. Chester, of Buffalo, offered prayer; and Rev. J. H. McGahen, of the Baptist church, delivered an interesting and effective discourse.

Mr. McGahen said he did not occupy the pulpit that evening as a politician, theologian or lecturer, but as a minister of the gospel of Jesus Christ—as a well-wisher of his country, and anxious to rid it of the great curse of intemperance. He asserted that "strong drink" in our common version of the Bible, was in several passages translated from two very different originals. Where it is spoken of as a curse, it comes from a word showing it contains alcohol; but where a blessing is pronounced upon it, it is the unfermented juice of the grape. The principal part of his sermon was founded upon Ex. xxi, 28-29—

"If an ox gore a man or a woman, that they die: then the ox shall be surely stoned, and his flesh shall not be eaten; but the owner of the ox shall be quit. But if the ox were wont to push with his horn in time past, and it hath been testified to his owner, and he hath not kept him in, but that he hath killed a man or a woman; the ox shall be stoned, and his owner also shall be put to death."

The speaker said that instead of trying to kill the ox Intemperance, we had endeavored to put knobs on his horns, or saw them off some; that we had tried to restrain him from goring certain classes, such as the sot and the minor, and allowing him to gore the young men that are full of promise, and the traveling public. He must not gore on Sundays, but during the rest of the week he can kill with impunity almost. It was the Bible custom that the witnesses should cast the first stone, and then all the congregation were to stone the object until it expired; so now, we should not wait for overseers of the poor or town committees, but all should unite in suppressing the traffic in strong drink. And when we had no license, and liquor was still sold, we should go to these infamous dens, roll out the ox, and knock his head in, if we could not stop the sale by law.

The preacher, in conclusion, made an earnest and touching appeal to all present, to be kind and helpful to the poor inebriate, to try and lift him up and surround him with the best of influences. He said that he would use moral suasion for the poor drunkard, but the strong arm of the law for the rumrunner.

The attendance was very large; the feeling good; the sermon excellent; and the meeting was one which cannot fail to help on the good cause.

Temperance Convention.

At a Town Temperance Convention held in this village on Saturday, Feb. 10th, by delegates from the different school districts of this town, a decided interest was manifested in the cause of temperance. The meeting was composed of a large number of the reliable men of our town, who think it best to take a definite stand on the temperance question.

The convention was called to order by George W. Baker, Chairman of the Town Executive Temperance Committee. Walter Hollister was chosen chairman, and L. W. Robinson, secretary.

The different ways for promoting the work were discussed at considerable length, with harmonious results. The following resolution was offered and unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the temperance people of this town can best succeed by uniting with the Republican party in the formation of a ticket for the coming town meeting, provided they can secure desirable men for the offices of Overseer of the Poor, Justice of the Peace, and Constables.

The following names were suggested for those offices—Phineas Davis, for Overseer of the Poor; Robert Baker, for Justice of the Peace; and Holland Wilder, for Constable. It was decided also that as temperance men, they could not support any man on the ticket who indulged in the use of intoxicating drinks.

A call was made for meetings to be held in different parts of the town for the purpose of bringing the cause before the people. Speaking, singing and discussions were recommended, believing that by so doing the voters would be made to see that it is their duty to vote down the right to sell intoxicating drinks by electing a no-license Excise Commissioner, and the name of Jesse Burdick was suggested for that position with cheers of approval.

It was also decided that if there are not temperance men enough in the Republican party to put good temperance men in nomination as are necessary to execute the law, that the temperance men must make a clean nomination and work hard to elect their ticket.

It is hoped that all true temperance men will do their best to accomplish the desired results at the coming town meeting.

L. W. Robinson, Sec.
Mexico, Feb. 12th, 1877.

The Midland Railroad and Central Square.

Standard.—On Saturday last the N. Y. and O. St. Railroad authorities notified the Syracuse Northern people that from that day forward their trains would not stop at Central Square, which necessitated the establishment of a flagman and a system of signals at that station by the latter road. The reason for this action on the part of the Midland folks may be found in the fact that the tax assessment of that town upon their road is considered excessive. Therefore the Midland trains go through Central Square at a rate of speed which precludes the possibility of "catching on" and the tax collector of that town is clearly "left" in his desire to lay his legal paw upon the rolling stock of the company. It is probable, however, that like the Ellenville (Ulster county) trouble a compromise with the road will ultimately be effected by the authorities of Central Square.

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